

FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR

CREEPY

#33

JUNE

A WARREN
MAGAZINE

PDC

**"...CRAWLING, EVIL, SCREAMING CREATURES
SLITHERED FROM THE GOLD MASK." See Page 12**

50¢



CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

BLAM! BLAM! HERE'S A WATERLOGGED OFFERING FROM MY NAUKIOUS NAUTICAL NOTES CONCERNING **MERMAID** AND...



FROM EARLIEST TIMES **THE MERMAID** HAS BEEN DOBBING UP IN MAN'S SUPERNATURAL LORE.

HENRY JACKSON, DURING HIS EXPLORATION FOR THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE, ADDED THE FOLLOWING TO OUR EVER EXPANDING LOGS OF SIREN-SIGHTINGS!

"THIS EVENING ONE OF OUR COMPANY SAW A MERMAID* FROM THE NAVAL GUNARDA. SHE RESEMBLED A WOMAN... VERY WHITE SKIN... LONG HAIR HANGING DOWN BEHIND OF COLOUR BLACK. IN HER GOING DOWN THEY SAW HER TAIL... WHICH WAS LIKE THE TAIL OF A PORPOISE, SPECKLED LIKE A MACKEREL."

AN ITEM IN THE LONDON TIMES OF 1809 RECORDS FURTHER REVIEWS OF THESE ROWICKING RECUBES RECORDED BY A SCOTS SCHOOLMASTER.

"IN THE COURSE OF MY WALKING ON THE SHORE OF SANDHIDE BAY... MY ATTENTION WAS ARRESTED BY THE APPEARANCE OF A FIGURE RESEMBLING AN UNCLOTHED HUMAN FEMALE, SITTING UPON A ROCK... IT WAS ENDOCHSED DURING THAT PERIOD IN COMBING ITS HAIR... THEN IT DROPPED INTO THE SEA."





CREEPY NO. 33

NO. 33

PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN **EDITOR:** BILL PARÉNTÉ **COVER:** PAT BOYETTE
ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: WILLIAM BARRY, PAT BOYETTE, REED CRANDALL, JUAN LOPEZ
RAMON, JOHN FANTUCCHIO, TOM SUTTON, TONY WILLIAMS **WRITERS THIS ISSUE:**
AL HEWETSON, R. MICHAEL ROSEN, BUDDY SAUNDERS, TOM SUTTON, BILL WARREN

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DEAR UNCLE CREEPY

Like the cover on issue #31? So did some of these fans.



Page 22

ONE TOO MANY

Every, moony, many, moe . . . who will be the first to go?



Page 38

ROYAL GUEST

Let's do our thing at a swinging King-in!

BLUE MUM-DAY

Did you ever get "stoned" in a timeless tomb, tampering with eternity?

DR. JEKYLL IS RIGHT

Profit or prankster—Was the disputable doctor as dangerous as his double?

I'M ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONEY

Holler dollars don't always make "cents", especially if they turn you green!

THE FULL SERVICE

Was Wesley Brookfield a reckless driver? Ask his wife.

CREEPY FAN CLUB

A hillbilly disc jockey goes straight.

BOXED IN

Allow us to freeze your knee and queen
a wheeze from you . . . please!



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Page 33

MATT



NUTTY PICTURES?

I liked issue #31 a lot, but I don't like the artists much. Too many of them made very nutty pictures. But I like all your magazines anyway.

LARRY QUINN
Arlington, Va.

SOMETHING YOU ATE

I buy all my magazines in a cafe. When I got issue #31, I sat down at a table with a couple of cheeseburgers. When I saw your picture of a chicken climbing out of a robot, it all most made me sick.

JOHN SIMMONS
Cincinnati, Ohio

Good thing you weren't eating fried chicken! Or roasted robots.

EAGLE EYE

You may already have fired your proforeader (if you ever had one at all), but in case you didn't, I think you could take another look at issue #31. The whole mess starts on page 7, fourth frame, where "burrough" is spelled "burrough." Then if you'll get our trusty dictionary, you'll discover that you made another boo boo on page 8—"a assassin, not 'a assain." And shouldn't the story title on page 19 be "A Night's Lodging?" The other blunders were not so bad. I think even Uncle Creepy could have caught them himself. Page 29—"unna" page 44—"beatful," page 54—"tom mork," page 57—"wouldn't" and "cces," page 58—"sa arfy" and "against." And, to end it all, "immering" on page 60.

But don't worry, Unc. even with mistakes, your stories are still great and always have been. Maybe if you're lucky, Noah Webster will drop in to give you a few spelling lessons. We all know that nobody's perfect.

ERIC SCHILLING
Oakland, N.J.

\$27.00 worth of CREEPYS and EERIES!

Too many science-fiction stories!

Strange you should mention that name Noah. That's our proforeader's name, too. —Noah Morecky. Our Noah was once umpire in the Transpacific baseball league. He retired after 150 years' of faithful service and now works with us. You'll have to forgive his occasional mistakes. He still has difficulty with the English language. And his eyesight isn't what it used to be. Though in the tradition of all great baseball umpires, he steadfastly refuses to wear glasses. But we're sentimental about Old Noah. He does his best.

GOOD CUSTOMER

I am a horror magazine collector and I have never seen any that can compare to the three great Western magazines. I read all your letter pages and it makes me mad to see how readers put you down saying your art sucks. I'd like to see them do better. They couldn't if their life depended on it.

The other magazines on the market consist of stories re-written from last year. And last year's stories were re-writes of stories that appeared in the 1930's and 1940's.

When my mother and my uncle were kids, they collected horror magazines, too. My father just bought me \$27.00 worth of CREEPYS and EERIES and my mother took time to read all of them. She enjoyed them as much as I do.

I just bought the latest issues of EERIE and VAMPIRELLA, and a few weeks ago I got issue #31 of CREEPY. I thought all of them were just great. I thought your cover for #31 was especially good. Todd and Bobo are great artists. I also like their cover for VAMPIRELLA #3.

It would be great if you could have your stories added out on television.

ROSS FRANKEL
Scarsdale, N.Y.

A WHAT?

I think your magazine is pretty good. Issue #31 was the best of all. I think I have been collecting CREEPY since issue #5. The art has been improving lately. I think you should give all your artists a raise.

DANNY JENKS
Wild Rose, Wisc.

A MASTERPIECE

I must say, old man, the story "Snowmen" in issue #31

was a masterpiece. Although the cover wasn't so hot. I especially liked all the stories inside. Tell me, Uncle, why don't you have more stories about werewolves in your magazine? No offense, but you've been having too many science-fiction stories lately. I, myself, hate science fiction. I suggest you put in more melodrama. And more blood. You were getting out of that report, but then you slipped back last time. How come?

SAM RICARDO
West Chester, Pa.

We've established a no-reprint rule around here. So has my miserable little cousin. But every once in a while, a story arrives too late to make our printing deadline and we're faced with three choices: Either delay the magazine (which you wouldn't like much), run it with blank pages (which wouldn't add much to your fun either), or reprint another story. We hope it never happens, and it won't very often. But when you do see a reprint, don't get the idea we don't care.

VERY BEST FAN

Though I've only been a fan of yours since issue #20, I consider myself one of your very best fans. Some people write to say that they like CREEPY better than EERIE or EERIE better than CREEPY. How can anyone say one is better than the other when both magazines are written by the same writers, drawn by the same artists, edited by the same editor, published by the same publisher and both have the same kind of stories?

CHUCK HECK
Fontana, Cal.

It's a long story. Call it loyalty. CREEPY came out a year ahead of EERIE, and all those artists, writers, and other people are more loyal to "the first one."

FROM THE ARCHIVES

I wish to inform you that you have a reprint on the cover of your upcoming mag. The cover bears the wonderful message, "All New Stories."

Yet, somewhere in the back of my mind—way back among the cobwebs of horrors—I seem to recall the tale, "A Night's Lodging." So I am now my faithful Igor and we advance down into the crypts to the dead files. Then, when the dust settles, I gaze down upon issue #17, the first

CREEPY I ever saw. Then, on page 43 of that good old '67 issue, I find "A Night's Lodging." Was this an editorial mistake? But, nonetheless, the rest of this issue came through for you. Issue #31 was as loaded with horror and terror as any magazine can ever hope to be.

BILL MOONEY
Camden town, Mo.

ANOTHER LONG MEMORY

If you have to run around, why "A Night's Lodging"? Don't your fans jump on you enough for that when it was issue #17? Even then it was mislabeled after "An Invitation" in issue #8.

I'm confused by one thing. In one of the Dracula movies, he was killed by running water, or at least led to rest. But in "Dracula 2000," he committed the unspeakable crime of drinking water, in "Dracula Has Risen From the Grave," he was frozen in the Gores, he was frozen. I must admit Maurice is a good artist, but somehow the spelling is amiss. "Snowmen" was one of Tom Sutton's best ever. I think leaving the end of "Telephone Trill" to the reader's imagination did nothing more than stagger the reader's imagination. One more thing if you're keeping count of the stories in the old issues, we haven't heard from "Adam Link" in a long while. I hope he hasn't rusted.

BOB KINDREDER
Joliet, Ill.

Killing vampires is a little out of my line. Some of my best friends are vampires. But there is one certain little girl vampire I'd like to put out of my misery. If you hear any more about this water theory, let me know.

W.O.M.C.C.

I call you my uncle because I, too, am a creepy person. I usually feed on horror and your magazine is the best thing to come along in years for a person like me. I have seen other horror magazines, but none of them holds a candle to yours. Keep up the good work and we might even let you become a member of the W.O.M.C.C. (Western Organization of Menstrual Creepy Characters.)

KIMBE PERLOFF
Culver City, Cal.

BURNING THOUGHTS

For the benefit of Agatha

Hulk and Hest! Gruntt who are so curious about witches, I refer them to the letter that appeared in issue #31 just above them (from Pete Brady) and to "The Encyclopedia of Witchcraft and Demology." The book says that a bunch of witches is called a "coven." Some day I'm going to explore the Transylvanian Alps of Rumania. I read in a book by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that a part of the Midwestern United States was once known as Transylvania.

To change the subject, I think the two most frightening movies of all time were, "The House on Haunted Hill," and "Terror in The Tomb." I'd like to know if your readers agree with me. I think the creepiest episode of all time was "Death Takes a Holiday."

Good bye. Give my regards to Cousin Eric and the Ackensprater and the beautiful Vampi. Are you and Vampi blood relatives? I hope you'll excuse my handwriting, but this letter is being written as I'm being burned at the stake.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN
North Haven, Conn.

COLON, ADAMS & CO.

I liked the cover on issue #31. Very colorful. I also like the bigger letters page and the possibility of subscribing for two years instead of just one (and at a saving at that!).

This is my third letter. Each time I have begged you to bring back Neal Adams. So as not to run my record, once again I beseech you: Bring back N.A.

In issue #31, the only story that seemed to rise above your usual fine quality was "Death of a Stranger." Ernie Colon's work was better than usual. And that makes it pretty darn good! I like his imaginative arrangement of the story panels. Such background as the last panel on page 45 and the second on page 46 make his art wonderfully realistic. Which, when talking about horror magazines is a bit of high flattery.

Lastly, E. Colon's rendering of our beloved Uncle is the best I've ever seen. Many of your artists make an attempt at U.C.'s portrait, but Colon really captures him. Especially on page 43.

It usually seems that you regard the last item in any letter the most important. So I'll end my letter with this. Bring back Neal Adams!

I'm looking sleep these days. I hardly ever drink blood. I repeatedly rise on the wrong side of my coffin. I'm totally upset over Adam's absence. Bring back ADAM! AUGHH-H!

JOE RANSBACH
Media, Pa.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE
CREEPY is becoming an in-

creasing disappointment. Although your stories are still good, your art runs them into the ground. Since issue #17, the names of the great artists like Gray Morrow, Angelo Torres, Frank Frazetta and Reed Crandall have been replaced by comparative amateurs.

In issue #30, you had a request from a reader to bring back the old artists and you said you would. But you haven't. If you guys are trying to start a new style with CREEPY, forget it. Only the old version with the great artists can survive. Keep on the way you're going now and... well, you know the old saying: "give him enough rope and he'll hang himself."

Please. You seem to keep ignoring readers' requests for the old artists. What's wrong? Don't you pay any attention to your fans at all? Take a look at the list of artists in issue #7 and start bringing some of those people back again. Then you'll get real fan support.

Let's see the voice of the people in action.

Yes, you do have some good artists. Not great, but good. They are Carlos Pons, Ernie Colon (probably your best!), and Billy Graham. Keep these and get back the good old ones and I'd gladly pay a buck for your magazine!

AARON ALBRECHT
Hyattsville, Md.

GREAT CRACKLING CUTICLES

Now that you've expanded your letters page to two, I thought it was time I told you what I thought about your raggy rag. That cover on issue #31 was terrific. Bode's got a real talent for interior work. Get him. His work is "caricature," but great. As far as affect and presentation of the cover goes, it ranks up there with the best of the CREEPY covers. But I do wish there had been a good story to go with it.

Please, Frank, come back! We all love you and Uncle Creepy! May your crackling canine colored cuticles curl cooingly over your covenly coffin.

MIKE WYRD
Cocoa, Fla.



"In my opinion..."
What is your opinion?
Let us hear it. Address your mail to:
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22 East 42d Street
New York, N.Y. 10017



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PROLOGUE: THE STARSHIP'S CARGO HOLD REEKED OF A DOZEN DISTINCT ODORS... MACHINE OIL, OZONE, PAINT, DECAY, ANIMAL WASTES... AND SOON THERE WOULD BE YET ANOTHER ODOR... THE ODOR OF DEATH!



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE ENERGY PISTOL SPAT RADIANT PENCILS OF DEATH...





READY FOR A LITTLE HORRIBLE SCIENCE FICTION? LOOKING FORWARD TO A GRUESOME GAMBIT? WELL, HERE IT IS! FEAR FLOCK! JUST STICK AROUND AND YOU'LL DISCOVER WHY ONE KRON IS...



ONE TOO MANY!

A PASSING GOVERNMENT PATROL SHIP PICKED UP CLYDE METZEL'S WEAK DISTRESS SIGNALS! INFECTED BY THE ARON'S ATTACK METZEL SPENT A YEAR RECOVERING IN AN EARTH-SIDE HOSPITAL! THEN, WITH TWO PARTNERS, CLYDE RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF THE CRASH HOPING TO SALVAGE WHAT HE COULD FROM THE BROKEN RULK OF THE ZOO SHIP!

THERE SHE IS... **ONE BROKEN DREAM!** EVERY PENNY I HAD WENT INTO THE SHIP AND THOSE ANIMALS' BACK ON EARTH I'D HAVE MADE A MINT SELLING THEM TO ZOOS!

STILL WITH THAT RUPTURED DRIVE TUBE YOU WERE LUCKY TO REACH THIS PLANET AND GET OUT WITH YOUR LIFE!

WELL, BARRY

BUT THE POOR ANIMALS... AND YOU HAD TO KILL THEM **ALL!**

ALL! EVERY SINGLE ONE! I COULDN'T LEAVE THEM TO STARVE!

BUT YOU COULDN'T SET THEM FREE... LET THEM FEND FOR THEMSELVES! THEY WOULDN'T HAVE BOTHERED ANYONE!

COME NOW, DARLING, DON'T MAKE CLYDE INTO THE VILLAIN HE HAD TO DO WHAT HE HAD TO DO!



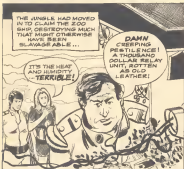


THAT'S RIGHT RENEE!
I HAD TO KILL MY ANIMALS!
IT'S THE LAW! THE GOVERNMENT
DOESN'T WANT ALIEN ANIMALS
RUNNING LOOSE ON EVEN AN
UNINHABITED PLANET!

WELL THE
LAW'S FOOLISH!
WHAT HARM
WOULD A FEW
ANIMALS DO?



MUCH MORE THAN YOU'D
IMAGINE! BUT RIGHT NOW
WE HAVE OTHER THINGS TO
WORRY ABOUT...LIKE THE
SALVAGE JOB WE'VE
GOT TO DO!



THE JUNGLE HAD MOVED
IN TO CLAIM THE EGG
SHIP, DESTROYING MUCH
THAT MIGHT OTHERWISE
HAVE BEEN
SLAYABLE...

IT'S THE HEAT
AND HUMIDITY
...**TERRIBLE!**

DAMN
CREEPING
PESTILENCE!
A THOUSAND
DOLLAR RELAY
UNIT, ROTTEN
AS OLD
LEATHER!



WE CAN
STILL BREAK EVEN
THE SEAL AROUND
THE SHIP'S COMPUTER
BRAIN IS INTACT...
SAFE FROM DAMAGE
IT'LL BRING US
FIFTY THOUSAND
EASILY!

THEN
LET'S GET
TO WORK!
THE SOONER
WE'RE
FINISHED, THE
SOONER WE
CAN LEAVE
THIS HOT-
HOUSE OF A
PLANET!

THREE DAYS PASSED! THE COMPUTER BRAIN WAS
REMOVED FROM ITS HOUSING LABORIOUSLY
CARRIED TO THE SALVAGE SHIP ALONG WITH OTHER
VALUABLE EQUIPMENT.

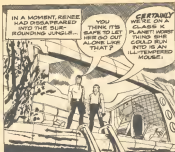


WHEN! I
BET I'VE WORKED
OFF TWENTY
POUNDS!

YEAH, BUT WE'VE
GOT A HUNDRED
THOUSAND DOLLARS
WORTH OF
EQUIPMENT TO
SHOW FOR IT.



WELL, WHILE YOU
TWO GENTLEMEN
DISCUSS OUR FINANCES,
I'M GOING TO THE
RIVER TO BATH! IT'S THE
ONLY WAY TO BEAT
THE HEAT!



IN A MOMENT, RENEE HAD DISAPPEARED INTO THE SURROUNDING JUNGLE...

YOU THINK IT'S SAFE TO LET HER GO OUT ALONE LIKE THAT?

CERTAINLY WE'RE ON A CLASS K PLANET! WORST THING SHE COULD RUN INTO IS AN ILL-TEMPERED MOUSE!



WE STILL HAVEN'T CHECKED THE CARGO HOLD!

DON'T WORRY! NOTHING THERE BUT CAGERS FULL OF BONES.



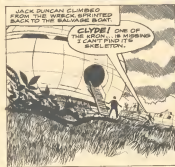
STILL, WE NEED TO CHECK IT OUT! SOME OF THE AUTONOMIC REGULATORS MAY BE SALVAGEABLE!

OKAY, YOU DO IT! I CAN'T! IT WAS BAD ENOUGH HAVING TO KILL THOSE ANIMALS! I DON'T WANT TO FACE THEIR BONES!



SMILING AT THE OLDER MAN'S SENTIMENTALITY JACK WALKED TO THE WRECK, DESCENDED INTO THE HOLD! BUT HIS SMILE SOON FADED...

THE KRON CAGER! INVOICE SHOWS THREE, BUT THERE'S ONLY TWO SKELETONS!



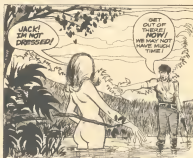
JACK DUNCAN CLIMBED FROM THE WRECK, SPRINTED BACK TO THE SALVAGE BOAT.

CLYDE! ONE OF THE KRON... IS MISSING I CAN'T FIND ITS SKELETON.



YOU TOLD ME YOU KILLED EVERY ANIMAL! WHAT BECAME OF THE THIRD SKELETON? WHERE IS IT??

DEAD BY NOW... I SUPPOSE! IT ESCAPED AFTER THE CRASH!



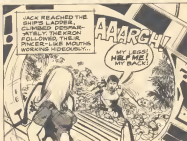


THE KRON WERE HERMAPHRODITES... SOMETHING CLYDE HADN'T KNOWN! AND NOW IT WAS COSTING HIM HIS LIFE! THE SINGLE KRON HAD A YEAH TO GENERATE OFFSPRING... AND THE OFFSPRING... HAD GENERATED THEIR OWN CHILDREN! NOW THERE WERE THOUSANDS... SWARMING LIKE ARMY ANTS... CONSUMING EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH...

GET TO THE SHIP! I'LL BURN AS MANY AS I CAN!



POWER CELL'S DEAD... AND SO IS CLYDE!



JACK REACHED THE SHIP'S LADDER, CLIMBED DESPERATELY, THE KRON FOLLOWED, THEIR Pincer-LIKE MOUTHS WORKING HIDEOUSLY...

AAARGH!

MY LEGS! HELP ME! MY BACK!



WHEN RENEE DENNIS FINALLY MANAGED TO DRAG THE LIMP BODY INSIDE, AND SEAL THE LOCK IT WAS TOO LATE.

NO! OH GOD!

SHRIIEEEK!



CEEP

TISK, TISK! THOSE KRON REALLY HAD THE BITE. PUT ON HIM THIS TIME! AS FOR POOR RENEE... I GUESS HALF A BOYFRIEND IS BETTER THAN NONE AT ALL!

END

MY MEMORY HAS NOT FAILED ME... THE PAINFUL CHILL OF MICHAELMAS DAY IN THE BARONY OF KOENIGSTAHL IS NOT A TORMENT OF THE SEASON BUT, RATHER, THE FROZEN HEART OF THIS FORSAKEN LAND EXTENDING ITS DISPLEASURE TO ALL WHO WOULD TREAD UPON ITS BLOODY SOIL... A CONDITION OF DREAD THAT I NOW SUFFER WITH TOTAL RECALL...!!



BELOW THE TOWERING RUINS OF THE CASTLE KOENIGSTAHL STILL NESTLES THE HOME OF MY GRANDFATHER - BURGOMASTER HUGO HAAS! IT WAS HERE THAT I SPENT MY DREAKEY YOUTH...

BUT, IT WAS ALSO UNDER THIS ROOF THAT MY LIFE WAS SO SUDDENLY GIVEN PURPOSE AND DIRECTION! IT ALL BEGAN SO LONG AGO... SO LONG AGO...

BUT, GRANDFATHER - THE SUN HAS JUST NOW SET... IT'S TOO EARLY..

YOU WILL GO TO YOUR ROOM AND SECURE THE DOOR AND SHUTTERS!



THE EVENTS OF THIS NIGHT ARE NO CONCERN OF YOURS, AND IT WILL SERVE YOUR WELL-BEING TO HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT IS TO TRANSPIRE!

AH-HA... I KNEW IT... THERE'S SKULLDUGGERY AFOOT - AND THIS MUST BE A SPINE-STABBER WITH CLASS FOR WE'RE ABOUT TO RECEIVE A....

Royal Guest





HAH...HORSES...THEY HAVE ARRIVED...NOW, DO AS I SAY, BOY... GO TO YOUR ROOM!



"THE STERNNESS OF MY GRANDFATHER'S TONE CARRIED THE REALIZATION THAT HERE WAS AN OPPORTUNITY TO BREACH THE BOREDOM OF MY ROUTINE... I WOULD NOT LET IT PASS... I QUICKLY CLIMBED TO THE LOFT."



"I COULD HEAR THE FAMILIAR SOUNDS OF A CARRIAGE AS IT CLATTERED TO OUR DOOR... BUT FROM THE PASSENGERS - THERE WAS NOT A WORD...."

"I RECALL THE RALL OF HEAVY BOOTS...."



"...AND THE DULL CLANK OF POUCHES GOLD STRIKING MAILCOAT...."



"AS I MOVED TO A BETTER VANTAGE IN MY PLACE OF SECRECY... I SAW A FLASH OF CRIMSON EMBLAZONED WITH THE ROYAL CREST OF THE NEW KINGS - ANSULBRECHT...!"



"THEN THEY WERE GONE AS QUICKLY AS THEY HAD COME... NO, ONE STILL REMAINED! BELOW THE HEM OF A BLACK CAPE I COULD SEE THE SHOES OF A WOMAN!"



"I MOVED FROM MY HIDING PLACE SO THAT I MIGHT SEE HER FACE! THEN THE HALF LIGHT OF THE ROOM REVEALED A SIGHT OF UNFORGETTABLE HORROR! FOR THE FIRST TIME I WAS STARING INTO THE..."



"GOLD MASK!"



"A SCREAM FROZE IN MY THROAT AND I THUS ESCAPED DETECTION! MY GRANDFATHER LED THE HIDEOUS PERSON FROM THE HOUSE, AND..."



"... I FOLLOWED THE LIGHT FROM HIS HAND UNTIL IT WAS LOST HIGH IN THE CASTLE RUINS!"



"SLEEP CAME THAT NIGHT, BUT IT WAS PEOPLED BY CREATURES FROM NETHER DARKNESS... CRAWLING - SCREAMING THINGS THAT SLITHERED FROM THAT GOLD MASK!"



"THESE WERE TIMES OF GREAT STRESS FOR OUR NATION - KING ANSULBRECHT HAD LAUNCHED PAINFUL CAMPAIGNS IN THE TERRIBLE - 165 - WHOSE VALLEYS NOW RAN DEEP WITH BLOOD...!"

"THEN, THE PLAGUE! THE BLACK SHADOW OF DEATH HAD FALLEN ACROSS THE LAND. EVERYWHERE I WENT THERE FOLLOWED THE GHAET STENCH OF A NECROPOLIS..."

"THE CRIES OF THE DYING ROSE IN A TURBULENT DENUNCIATION OF THE KING..."

"AND MANY WHO FAILED TO FALL WITH THE PLAGUE - FELL FROM THE AX..."

"THEN ON THE EVE OF MY SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY - I HEARD THE WORDS THAT BEARED INTO MY SUBCONSCIOUS..."

"IF ONLY THE QUEEN HADN'T DIED - THIS VILE PRETENDER, ANSULBRECHT WOULD HAVE NOT GAINED THE THRONE..."

"IF ONLY THE QUEEN... HAD... NOT..."

"SUDDENLY MY BRAIN WAS REELING..."

"DIED. THE WOMAN IN THE MASK... OF COURSE... THAT WOMAN... IS THE QUEEN!"

"I COULD NOT IMAGINE THE POLITICS OF IT... I ONLY KNEW THE QUEEN MUST BE RETURNED TO HER PEOPLE..."



AND IN MY DREAMS, I BEHELD THE PALE HORSE OF PESTILENCE, AND THE FACELESS RIDER—I KNEW TO BE DEATH! MY BONE MARROW TURNED TO ICE UNTIL THIS MANIFESTATION OF DOOM WAS MERCIFULLY TERMINATED BY THE SCREAM THAT BELCHED FROM MY SOUL....

AS FOR OUR GUEST—SHE WENT UNMENTIONED UNTIL THE NIGHT, SOME WEEKS LATER, WHEN MY GRANDFATHER FELL DESPERATELY ILL!



I CLIMBED THE RUINS, AND AFTER SOME DIFFICULTY—FOUND HER PLACE OF CONCEALMENT...

I THOUGHT I WAS PREPARED FOR THE ORGASM... BUT MY LEGS TURNED TO JELLY, I DROPPED THE BOWL AND RETREATED IN TERROR!



MY GRANDFATHER WAS ANGERED TO EXHAUSTION, AND ONLY HIS GROWING WEAKNESS SAVED ME FROM A SEVERE THRASHING! BY MORNING, MY GRANDFATHER WAS DEAD!



WITH TYPICAL TELSONIC THOROUGHNESS, HE HAD LEFT COMPLETE ARRANGEMENTS. HULKING DULL LOTAR HUBEN WOULD SEE TO INTERMENT, AND REWAX TO SERVICE OUR GUEST, I WOULD GO TO INSIDORFF FOR SCHOOLING! IT WAS GRANDFATHER'S DESIRE THAT I BECOME A SOLICITOR!

AT LAST! OWN THIS RARE SET OF PRINCE VALIANT ADVENTURE PICTURE BOOKS!

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HERE'S A NEW WRINKLE IN A HOLLYWOOD TRADITION! AN ANCIENT CURSE, A RAGING MUMMY...NOTHING NEW YOU SAY? OR CURSE NOT!... THIS TOMB'S BEEN CLOSED FOR 3700 YEARS! SO LET'S WATCH THE CRYPT BEING SEALED 37 CENTURIES AGO BEFORE SOME ARCHAEOLOGISTS RE-OPEN IT AND DISCOVER A FEW THINGS THEY DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR, ON.....

BLUE MUM DAY



AREM-BEY, THIS IS JUST PUNISHMENT! YOU SHALL BE BURIED ALIVE, WITHOUT POSSESSIONS TO USE IN THE NEXT WORLD, AND WITH THE BENEDICTION OF BLESSING REMOVED FROM YOUR COFFIN! THUS, YOU SHALL BE CURSED IN THE NEXT WORLD AS YOU ARE IN THIS!

NO! HAVE MERCY! I CANNOT LIVE THROUGH ETERNITY WITH SUCH SINS UPON MY SOUL!

LET THE HIGH PRIEST BRING FORTH THE ACCURSED BLUE STONE FROM THE HEAVENS, TO BE BURIED WITH AREM-BEY!

LET THE EVIL BLUE GLOW OF THIS SPIRIT-STONE-FROM-THE-SKY WARN TRESPASSERS AWAY FROM THIS CURSED TOMB FOREVER! LET THE TOMB SEAL SO READ!

WELL, 3700 YEARS PASSED, BUT THAT AIN'T FOREVER, LIKE THE PHARAOH WANTED IT, NOT THAT HE CARED: HE WAS EATEN BY A LION TWO DAYS AFTER SEALING AREM-BEY'S TOMB! SO LET'S LOOK IN ON OLD AREM'S RAD AS IT IS TODAY...



A FRUITLESS EXPEDITION! THREE MONTHS IN THE DESERT, AND WHAT FOOLS WE LOOK, RETURNING EMPTY-HANDED! THE MUSEUM WILL NOT BE PLEASED ABOUT THE MONEY WE'VE WASTED!

WHEN I CAME TO EGYPT 20 YEARS AGO, THERE WERE STILL IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES TO BE MADE! NOW OTHER ARCHAEOLOGISTS AND TOMB-ROBBERS HAVE POKED THE DESERT CLEAN!



SORRY, DARLING, TO HAVE DRAGGED YOU ALONG ON THIS WILD GOOSE CH-OOOFFFF!

FRANK! BE CAREFUL!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I THINK SO!

I SAY, LOOK! THIS LUMP YOU TRIPPED OVER LOOKS LIKE THE TOP OF AN EGYPTIAN TOMB-DOOR ARCH! YOU MAY HAVE DISCOVERED SOMETHING IMPORTANT!

YOU MEAN WE'VE ACTUALLY FOUND SOMETHING IMPORTANT?

EXACTLY! WE MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW THE MUSEUM AFTER ALL!

I'LL GET THE SHOVELS OFF THE CAMELS! WE'LL SOON KNOW!



IT IS A TOMB! AND THE SEAL IS UNBROKEN! TOMB-LOOTERS HAVE NOT BEATEN US TO THIS FIND!

THESE HIEROGLYPHS APPEAR PRE-DYNASTIC! THIS COULD BE THE MOST IMPORTANT FIND SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF THE TOMB OF TUT-AN-KH-A-MEN!

HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW THE WRITING HAS BEEN CHIPPED OFF THESE COLUMNS? IT LOOKS LIKE IT WAS DONE ON PURPOSE!

YES, FRANK! THE COLUMN ALWAYS BEAR THE BLESSING AND BENEDICTION TO GUIDE THE ORPHANED SOUL TO HEAVEN! THEY'VE BEEN SCRAPED AWAY SO THAT THIS MAN, WHOSE NAME APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN AREM-BEY, WAS CURSED NOT ONLY IN THIS WORLD, BUT IN THE NEXT AS WELL!



CAN YOU TRANSLATE THE HIEROGLYPHS ON THE SEAL, PROFESSOR?

THEY'RE OLDER THAN ANY I'VE EXAMINED BEFORE, BUT I BELIEVE I CAN! LET'S SEE... TORWENT, AND... DAM-NATION, TO THE WHO UNCOVERS... AREN, BEY, AND THE BLUE-SPIRIT, STONE, FROM THE SKY!

WHAT A TERRIBLE CURSE!

YES, BUT WERE SCIENTISTS? RAY NO ATTENTION TO SUCH NONSENSE!

I AGREE, DOLF! LET US OPEN IT WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY!

AREN-BEY MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING AWFUL TO DESERVE THIS CURSE! SACRELEGE, POSSIBLY! BUT WHAT DO THEY MEAN ABOUT THAT BLUE SPIRIT STONE?

WHO KNOWS? THE EGYPTIANS WERE A SUPERSTITIOUS LOT! PERHAPS THE ANSWER IS INSIDE! STAND BACK, EVERYBODY!

YOU MUST HAVE TRIPPED A HIDDEN SPRING WITH YOUR PICK, DOLF! I'M GLAD WE DIDN'T DESTROY THE DOOR!

THIS FLASHLIGHT SHOULD HELP CONSIDERABLY! READY?

READY! I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR A MOMENT LIKE THIS!

THESE TORCHES GIVE US PLENTY OF LIGHT!

EVERYONE! IN A MOMENT! NOTICE, PETERSEN! NOW THE BLESSING IS SCRAPPED OFF THE MUMMY CASE AS WELL!

THIS MUST BE WHAT THEY MEANT BY THE 'BLUE SPIRIT STONE FROM THE SKY'!

UNDOUBTEDLY SO, BUT WHAT CAN IT BE?

FROM THE SKY? DO YOU THINK IT COULD BE A METEORITE? JUDGING FROM ITS GLOW, IT MAY BE RADIOACTIVE! WE'D BETTER STAND AWAY FROM IT!



ODD... THE CASE WASN'T EVEN SEALED! NEVER SAW A MUMMY LIKE THIS! NOTICE THE MOLD? IT'S BLUE... THE SAME THAT BEFORE! (BLUE AS THE GLOWING ALMOST NO BONE) STONE! ALL OVER IT! STRUCTURE! AS IF EVEN ON THE BAND! IT WAS A WAX FIGURE! AGES!

IT'S GHASTLY!



I WONDER HOW THE STONE CAUSES THE BLUE TINGE! WE'LL NEED SPECIAL EQUIPMENT WHEN WE COME BACK HERE WITH THE RETURN EXPEDITION!

WELL, IT'S LATE... WE'D BETTER PITCH OUR TENTS NOW, AND EXAMINE THIS FIND MORE CLOSELY IN THE MORNING!



I CAN'T SLEEP... I CAN'T GET I'M TOO EXCITED! THAT MUMMY WE'LL BE FAVORABLE OUT OF MY MIND! FOR THIS DISCOVERY, THAT BLUE...



THAT SOUNDED (FRANK, BE LIKE PETERSEN CAREFUL!)



WHAT'S GOING ON!

IT'S PETERSEN... I THINK HE'S DEAD!



HE IS DEAD! APPEARS TO BE STRANGULATION! AND LOOK... THAT SAME BLUEISH MOLD ON HIS THROAT! I WONDER HOW...



THE MUMMY! IT'S ALIVE! IT MUST BE! HOW ELSE...?

NONSENSE! I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IN FOOLISHNESS LIKE A LIVING MUMMY! THE HEART AND LUNGS WOULD DISINTEGRATE IN 3700 YEARS!

WE'D BE WISE TO POST A SENTRY...



WELL, I THINK IT'S FOOLISH TO LOSE SLEEP GUARDING AN ANCIENT MUMMY! BUT IF YOU INSIST, I HAVE AN IDEA THAT MIGHT PROVE A LOT EASIER! I'LL SHOW YOU...

THERE, YOU SEE? NO ONE CAN GET INTO THE TENT WITHOUT TRIPPING ONE OF THESE STRINGS AND SETTING OFF THE GUN! THAT SHOULD PUT YOU AT YOUR EASE! GOOD NIGHT!



I DON'T KNOW... I THINK WE SHOULD GET OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW!



DON'T LOOK! ROUF'S DEAD TOO! THE BLUE MOLD ON HIS THROAT! I DON'T CARE WHAT THE RISK IS, I'M GOING TO DESTROY THAT ALIEN!



IT WASN'T MOVED! EVEN THE BANDAGES ARE UNTOUCHED!

I'M GOING TO BLAST IT ANYWAY! NOTHING ELSE COULD HAVE LEFT THOSE MARKS!



LOOK! THE ALIEN! IT... IT... IT'S CHANGING!



IT'S THAT METEORITE! IT CHANGED THE MUMMY! THE CELL STRUCTURE HAS ALTERED... THAT'S HOW IT GOT PAST THE STRINGS AT THE DOOR OF BOB'S TENT! IT GOZIED UNDER! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT!



WHAT CAN WE DO FRANK? WE CAN'T LET THAT HORROR LOOSE ON THE WORLD! I'M GOING TO GET THE DYNAMITE!



PRAY THIS SEALS IT, FOREVER!



IS IT OVER, FRANK? WE'LL NEVER KNOW! BUT AT LEAST IT'S SEALED IN! WHEN WE GET BACK WE'LL SEE THAT IT STAYS THAT WAY!... WE'D BETTER GET STARTED!



ALICE - YOUR FACE... GOOD LORD! YOU DISCOVERED THE METEORITE IN THE TOMB FIRST! CHOKO!



I'M SORRY FRANK! I COULDN'T LET YOU TELL ALL! THAT WOULD HAVE RUINED EVERYTHING! NOW TO DIG UP THE METEORITE AND BRING IT BACK WITH ME... TO CIVILIZATION!



TOMB IT MAY CONCERN! ALICE WILL NOW TAKE HER PRETTY BLUE STONE HOME TO SHOW HER MUMMY AND DADDY! CAN'T KEEP A THING LIKE THAT UNDER WRAPS! OLD ARAH-BEY NEVER DREAMED THAT IT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF HIS METEORIC CAREER! NOW DON'T YOU GO RUINING THE RUN BY TELLING HUMANITY ABOUT THIS, REMEMBER... MUMMY'S THE WORD!



THEY HAD A LOT TO HIDE, DIDN'T THEY? WELL HERE'S THE LAST OF A LONG LINE OF LOONIES AS HE TRIES TO PROVE

DR. JEKYL WAS RIGHT

OUT OF MY WAY, YOU SLIME-BRAINED IDIOT!

HAW! IT'S HYDE THEY'RE AFTER, NOT JEKYLL! ONCE I SWALLOW THE POTION I'LL BE SAFE!

STOP! STOP THAT MAN BLOODY MURDER!



...AND MY GRANDFATHER KNEW THAT MAN IS **TWO** PARTS. HE ATTEMPTED TO BRING OUT THE GOOD SIDE, USING CHEMISTRY, BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOUND ONLY THE EVIL...MR. HYDE!

SO THAT'S IT! HE WANTS TO PROVE Jekyll WAS RIGHT!

MY FATHER MOVED TO THE STATES AND...WELL, MADE A FORTUNE SEVERAL TIMES OVER IN PHARMACEUTICALS. PLEASE COME WITH ME!

I'M NO DOCTOR, BUT I'M WEALTHY AND CAN AFFORD TO OFFER YOU, ALL FINE CHEMICAL RESEARCHERS, THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME!

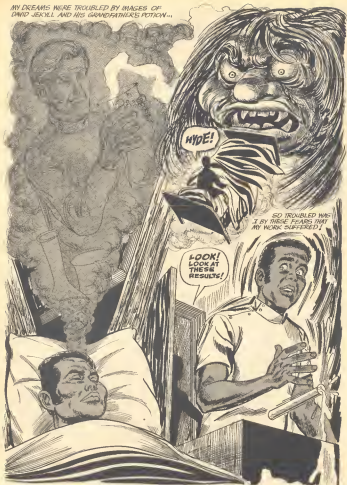
I AM PREPARED TO PAY EACH OF YOU, SAY, FIVE **ONE MILLION DOLLARS!** ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS BRING MY GRANDFATHER'S EXPERIMENT TO A SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION!

WHAT? YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

OUR TASK WILL BE TO DEVISE A SERUM THAT WILL BRING OUT THE GOOD MR. — WE **SEAK**, RATHER THAN THE EVIL HYDE? AND YOU WILL...

I WILL PROVE THE WORTHINESS OF HENRY JEKILL'S GOAL BY TAKING THE SERUM MYSELF!

MY DREAMS WERE TROUBLED BY IMAGES OF
DAVID JEKYL AND HIS GRANDFATHER'S POTION...



HYDE!

SO TROUBLED WAS
I BY THESE FEARS THAT
MY WORK SUFFERED!

LOOK!
LOOK AT
THESE
RESULTS!



WONDERFUL! AMAZING! WHEN I TRY IT?
AT ONCE I HOPE.....!

HERE IT IS IN THIS
BEAKER. BUT MR. JEKYLL,
IT WILL TAKE YEARS OF FURTHER EXPERI-
MENTATION!!

SO THIS
IS IT!!

NO!
NO!!



FOR HOURS WE LISTENED
AS HE TALKED...

YOU WILL CREATE MORE
OF THE WONDER FLUID, AND
WE WILL DISTRIBUTE IT TO
ALL MEN, AND OUR WORLD
WILL BE A PARADISE!

AND YOU MY DEAR FRIENDS,
SHALL BE THE HARBRINGERS
OF THIS GLORY!! **UNGH!**

BAMBAM

HE'S DEAD! WHY DID YOU DO IT?
DR. JEKYLL WAS RIGHT. ALL
MEN ARE BOTH GOOD AND EVIL.
AND AS WE ARE GOOD, WE
FEAR AND AVOID
EVIL.

AND AS WE ARE EVIL, WE
HATE AND FEAR THAT WHICH
IS GOOD. FOR GOODNESS
REMAINS US THAT WITHIN
US ALL, WAITING A CHANCE
TO EMERGE, DWELLS OUR
OWN MONSTERS, OUR
OWN... MR. HYDE!

WASN'T THAT
OF HYDE?
WELL, I
PLEASED
AND READ
SLITTER!
CHOICE,
WOULD

A NICE LITTLE GAME
AND GO SEAK? NOT
GUESS THERE'S NO
THE BACK OF HYDE
THIS PERSONAULTY
IF YOU HAD YOUR
WHICH BT-GUY
YOU BECOME?

**THE
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**GRAVE TALES OF
YORE AND GORE!**
IT JUST SORTA
PULLS YOU DOWN
AFTER A WHILE,
SO FOR THIS
LITTLE PASEANT
I THINK I'LL LET
A TRUE
PROFESSIONAL
DO THE CHORES
AFTER ALL...
HE ADMITS...

THAT'S MY LINE! AND THAT'S THE TITLE OF MY
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LIVE A LIFE OF ADVENTURE AND INTRIGUE THAT THEY
NEVER DARED LIVE THEMSELVES. I TRAVEL HIGH OVER
THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAINS, DEEP UNDER THE
SEVEN SEAS, AND INTO THE DEEPEST, MOST TREACHEROUS
AND UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF THE EARTH!
THEY LOVE IT! THEY LAP IT UP THE SUCKERS!
THERE'S REALLY NOTHING I'VE EVER DONE WHICH
HAS BEEN **TRULY** ROMANTIC, OR DANGEROUS,
IT'S ALL A FAKE! BUT WHAT I DO CARE
ANYWAY, I'M...

I'M ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONEY





MUST STOP!
EXHAUSTED! BEEN
RUNNING FOR HOURS!
THEY MUST BE NEAR.
HAH! IF I DON'T
FIND THEM
THEY'LL SOON
...OH GOD!



YOU NOT SEE
SIGN **MEAN**
DEATH!

LOOK, TAKE IT EASY
WHERE'S YOUR CHIEF?
TAKE ME TO YOUR CHIEF
I'LL EXPLAIN... TO HIM!



CHIEF I COME IN PEACE! I MEAN
NO HARM TO YOUR PEOPLE! LOOK,
THIS IS ALL I HAVE... JUST A
SMALL BOX NO WEAPON!



JUST LET ME TELL YOUR STORY... OF HOW
YOU LIVE... AND OF WHAT YOU CALL **VOODOO**
JUST TO TELL... THE REST OF THE WORLD
SO THEY TO WILL **UNDERSTAND!**

YOU ARE MAN OF
PEACE! STAY! BUT NOT
MAKE TROUBLE FOR
MY PEOPLE!

SUCKER HE FELL
FOR IT! HAH HAH
ANOTHER GREAT CON
FOR THE BOOKS!



AND THE DAYS THAT
FOLLOWED, WILLIAMS SAW
WHAT NO MAN HAD EVER
LIVED TO RECORD
BEFORE THE LIFE OF THE
CAMP, THE WAYS OF THE
NATIVES, THE INCREDIBLY
HORRIBLE PRACTICE OF
SHRINKING HEADS...
AND NOW... INTO THE
NIGHT! THE NIGHT OF..

...THE VOODOO

IT IS UNBELIEVABLE! I AM SURROUNDED BY DOZENS OF HYSTERICAL JUNGLE MEN, SCREAMING EVIL SHOUTS AND WEIRD INCANTATIONS! THIS IS THE MOMENT FOLKS... **"THE NIGHT WHEN YOU WILL LEARN WHAT VOODOO REALLY MEANS!"** IT IS HORRIBLE TO THINK THAT THIS MACABRE SCENE IS REALLY THE WORK OF HUMAN BEINGS LIKE OURSELVES! TO THINK THAT MEN, MEN OF MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD, MIGHT PERFORM THESE ATROCITIES IS INCREDIBLE!







DEATH TO QUICK... YOU
LIVE FOREVER IN SMALL
HEAD! FOR VOODOO IS
...THE CURSE OF...THE
UNDEAD!



HSH HSH! LOOKS LIKE I'LL
HAVE TO TAKE OVER
AGAIN, DOESN'T IT? WELL,
IT WAS A NICE REST.
OUR FRIEND WILL HAVE
A BIT OF A REST TOO,
THO I DOUBT IT'LL BE QUITE
TRANQUIL SLEEP!

AFTER ALL, HOW'D YOU
LIKE YOUR LIVING BRAIN
TO BE **TRAPPED** FOR
ETERNITY INSIDE YOUR
OWN **SHRUNKEN**
HEAD?



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Figure 1

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The Book

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Fig. 5.48A

GOOD EVENING AUTONAUGHTS/ LOVE TO WATCH RAIN-DROPS SPLATTER AGAINST A WINDSHIELD? LOVE THE SOUND OF TIRES SCREECHING ACROSS A RAIN-DRENCHED PAVEMENT? WHERE DOES IT ALL END-- WHY RIGHT HERE UNLESS YOU'RE WESLEY BROOKFIELD AND HAVE THE CHANCE TO TRY.....

THE FULL SERVICE!

WES WAS A RECKLESS DRIVER. LAURINE HAD TOLD HIM SO MANY TIMES. SHE WOULD NOT TELL HIM AGAIN.

PITY MR. BROOKFIELD SUCH A PITY. WHAT A LOVELY WOMAN YOUR WIFE WAS. WE WOULD HAVE PREFERRED NOT TO HAVE HAD HER AS ONE OF OUR CUSTOMERS.

"...TIME AND CHANCE HAPPENETH TO THEM ALL". TIME AND CHANCE-- AH, THERE ARE OUR TRUE MASTERS. IF ONLY WE COULD CONQUER THEM, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME MR. BROOKFIELD?

I UNDERSTAND YOUR GRIEF, SIR, BUT I AM SAYING THAT THERE IS NO REASON FOR IT! WE HERE AT MORTZ BROTHERS ARE ABOUT TO OFFER YOU A UNIQUE SERVICE WHICH WE EXTEND ONLY TO CERTAIN OF OUR CUSTOMERS.

THE MORTZ BROTHER'S OFFICE WAS A MUSEUM OF DEATH, HIDEOUS PAINTINGS, GAUDY WALL-PAPERED WALLS, GROTESQUE, STATUES CROUCHED UPON TABLES...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU CAN HELP ME!

TRUST US, MERELY SIGN THE CONTRACT AND THE SERVICE WILL BE PROVIDED.

EXCELLENT! YOU WON'T REGRET THIS!

I URGE YOU TO ACCEPT MY BROTHER'S PROPOSAL! WE NEVER HAD A DISSATISFIED CUSTOMER... ER... LIVING OR DEAD.

LIKE A DARK ANGEL, IT WAS EVEN CONCEIVABLE THAT THE STRANGER'S CLOAK MIGHT HAVE SECRETED A SET OF FOLDED, LEATHERY WINGS. HOWEVER, WE DID NOT TAKE THAT SERIOUSLY.

I AM FROM MORTZ

MR. BROOKFIELD!

A MOOD OF REGRET BLANKETED WE'S MIND LIKE THE FOG NOW SURROUNDING HIM. HE DIDN'T NOTICE THE TALL STRANGER FOLLOWING HIM.

THEN SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING OR PROVOCATION...

FOR A LONG WHILE WES REMAINED SEMI-CONSCIOUS, UNSURE OF WHAT HE HEARD OR FELT. HE DID HEAR THE

FLAPPING OF HUGE WINGS... THE GRIP OF POWERFUL HANDS AT HIS SIDE.



...WHEN HE LOOKED TOWARD THE SKY WAS IT THE FACE-OF-DEATH HE SAW?



AWARENESS RETURNED AND WES HEARD THE SCRAPING OF HIS SHOES ALONG THE STONE WALK LEADING TO HIS HOUSE.



HE HAD CONVINCED HIMSELF THAT THE ENTIRE EXPERIENCE WAS AN HALLUCINATION, BROUGHT ON BY HIS BOWROW. HE NOW FACED HIS LONELINESS.



HOME COMING, HOWEVER, WAS NOT TO BE ENTIRELY WHAT WES HAD EXPECTED.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK FROM CHICAGO A DAY EARLY? IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT SWEET-HEART?



YOU'RE REAL! THEY'VE BROUGHT YOU BACK TO ME!



I'VE GOT TO KEEP HER AWAY FROM EVERYONE WHO SAW HER DEAD OR ELSE I'LL BE FORCED TO TELL HER THE TRUTH. I'LL TALK TO JOHN TOMORROW NIGHT. HE'LL HELP ME!

THE NEXT EVENING WES VISITS THE HOME OF HIS FRIEND AND BUSINESS PARTNER, JOHN DROOS.

BUT YOU SAW HER AT THE FUNERAL PARLOR! SHE WAS KILLED IN THE AUTO ACCIDENT.

MY DEAR FELLOW, THE LAST TIME I SAW LAURINE WAS WHEN WE BOTH SAW YOU OFF AT THE AIRPORT THE DAY YOU LEFT FOR CHICAGO.

WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU MAY SOUND UNBELIEVABLE BUT I SWEAR TO YOU IT IS TRUE. LAURINE IS ALIVE!

ARE YOU JOKING WITH ME? OF COURSE SHE'S ALIVE-- WHY SHOULDN'T SHE BE?

MORTZ HAS GOTTEN TO YOU! THEY TOLD YOU TO TELL ME THAT! TELL ME THE TRUTH!

I AM TELLING YOU THE TRUTH! LET GO OF ME

IS IT THE EIGHTH? BUT IT SHOULD BE THE THIRTEENTH! THE ANGEL BROUGHT ME BACK IN TIME. THE ACCIDENT HASN'T OCCURRED YET!

I TOOK A BUS HERE I NEED YOUR CAR. I'VE GOT TO GET HOME IMMEDIATELY.

ALL RIGHT BUT BE CAREFUL. IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN!

FEB 8
7:10
1970

HIS MIND AWARE THAT HE HAS BEEN GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE TO SAVE LAIRINE'S LIFE, HE CURSES HIMSELF FOR NOT REALIZING IT SOONER.



YOU WERE GOING TOO FAST.

YES, OFFICER, BUT IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH!

I KNOW THAT MR. BROOKFIELD, BUT PLEASE SLOW DOWN OR THINGS WON'T WORK OUT.



SUDDENLY THROUGH THE CURTAIN OF RAIN--
HEADLIGHTS!



WEE-AAA!



HE'S DYING-- WE CAN FEEL IT! HE
GLANCES ONCE AT THE FACE OUT-
SIDE THE CAR-- IT'S HIS FACE!



8:13. I'VE SUCCEEDED!
IT'S PAST THE TIME
OF THE ACCIDENT!
LAURINE! LAURINE!



... BUT CANNOT
EXPLAIN
IT.



AFTER THIS EXPERIENCE
WE WASN'T SURE WHETHER
HE SHOULD JOIN THE AAA
OR THE AA.
DRIVE
CAREFULLY.





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THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



Hardly a week goes by that we don't get a letter from someone who says he plans to become an illustrator. Many of them send us samples of their work, which then appear on this page. (Though, as you can see, none did this time around.)

Though many of them will surely make it, some will probably drift into other professions. That's what happened to Pat Boyette. For a while, Amn't you glad he finally drifted back in the right direction?



PAT BOYETTE— HILLBILLY MAKES GOOD

Pat Boyette sold his first one-panel cartoon at the age of ten. How could this half-baked young man, after such a successful beginning, possibly have failed to become one of America's leading humorists? It was simple, says Pat. He never sold another one.

Remember by the realization that he was a "one-joke child," Pat turned to broad-casting and, for twenty-six weeks played the son of a fictional radio family whose only topic of conversation for all those weeks was the merits of "hot shorts chili." It was a dull, but very compatible family. Until the problem of "with beans or with out beans" became a big issue.

About the time a Crayola was able to fill in the gaps in Pat's first mustache, he became a hillbilly comic jockey. With great enthusiasm he entered the world of gossams, cards and letters and cowboy boots.

Then came his big opportunity. He was given a chance to work with Charlie Plumb—who was already famous for his comic strip "Elia Cusider"—on a new western comic strip. It didn't take Pat long to get ahead of his prettors and cowboy boots. The cards and letters, he says, are still coming in.

The western strip went very well. Until the day Charlie decided it would be fun to have the hero, Captain

PAT BOYETTE got his first mustache from a box of Crayolas. But he censes this one's real.

Flama, attacked by five thousand screaming redskins. Now, Pat calculated that allowing only three feathers per Indian would give him fifteen thousand feathers to draw. He decided it was time he got back into show business.

Sufficiently out of focus now, Pat turned to television and news broadcasting. Somehow he was able to pull himself from the turmoil of makeup (with Crayolas?), lights, and the signing of three or four autographs to write and direct three theatrical motion pictures. These were horror movies, carefully designed to send chills up the spines of distributors and backers and to bring agonizing spasms of laughter from the audiences at all the dramatic climaxes. It was all very stimulating, if not financially rewarding, though. And it filled Pat with the warm awareness that perhaps he was more than just a one-joke child after all.

Today Pat lives in Texas on the road to the LBJ Ranch. He says that, while the excitement of a dash to and fro news corps is gone (he doesn't miss them, they never brought any souvenirs from him anyway) the aroma of barbecue is still an important highlight of the local color.

Comics? Oh, well—when Pat suddenly realized he was too immature to attempt the

current movies, and too mature to be intellectually profound, he advanced into the wonderful world of pictures. And here he intends to stay. Because it's only here that all problems can be easily solved and all endings can be even prettier than happy.

He never leaves Texas and doesn't expect he ever will. Some Texans are funny that way. Pat thinks all of us should go on down and join him.

MORE POETRY

Red McKuen move over! In the last several months, our tea club mail has been bubbling over with budding poets. Joseph Westbrook of New Orleans is the latest. His says this is his first verbum and poetry and he thinks it's fun. And after all, Shakespeare started that way!

CASTLE OF THE COURT by Joseph Westbrook

Here on the moor
his castle stands,
Casting its eye on the
surrounding lands,
Enriched by darkness,
enslaved in gloom,
in an atmosphere of
certain doom.
Its threshold rises
from murky fog,
A footbridge crosses
the forbidden bog.
A medieval door from
days of old,
Hides horrible tales,
as yet untold.
The door creaks open,
with a will of its own,
Perhaps the wind,
yet it has not blown.
The once great hallway,
now covered with dust,
Queens and hangings
thick with rust.
From bygone days,
a great velvet cloak,
And, but for it,
the hall is bare.
A great marble staircase,
the color of rose,
Up, up, unaware the front
door will close.
You now see tracks in the
deep, gray dust,
Heading upward, not down,

as you know they must.
Now a great barren hall
Just a red carpet on the floor.

Remembering you of blood
stretching to the door,
Continue you do, you must,
and when you draw near,
For the very first time,
your heart knows fear.
The room is vast,
you are here at last,
The room is shrouded,
completely in black.
Against the smooth wall,
your courage now does
lack.

A magnificent chandelier
hangs from the ceiling,
The room is bright, but you
can't shake that feeling.
Now you see a coffin
at the end of the room.
The lid slowly rises,
hits the floor with a boom.

He stands there before you
with great majesty,
You suddenly know struggle
will be fruitless here.
He slowly approaches,
his lips start to part,
He's an undead creature,
and you are his sport.
And now you scream,
again you scream,
This can't be real,
it must be a dream.
But then you stop.
You recognize

As he kisses your neck,
you begin to smile.
You now realize your
one purpose in life
For now you are
Count Orsola's wife.

STILL MORE!

L. Alan Portnoff, of Portland, Ore., is another poet among us. In his letter, he also said that horror poems are fun to write. Fun to read, too!

FOR THE SOULS: THEY THAT WALK THE NIGHT by L. Alan Portnoff

I passed along
the dusk waved shore,
With glowing eyes,
burned with lore,
To rest beneath
the flaring moon,
And to drink of secrets

that should never have been
 Born . . .
 Mine heart reposed
 with a lonely flame,
 That smoldered forever
 with a neophyte's blame;
 That I had fled from mine
 burning lar,
 To set on a shore,
 the waves to start . . .
 But 'twas my argu'd
 that cloak'd my mind,
 That mine blazing eyes
 met a form recid'd
 Rejoiced atop a cyclopean
 tor,
 Like those spectres
 that haunt Tir Na Nog . . .
 "Speak to my mind
 of legend, old one,"
 Thus I did him bade;
 But he spoke not of
 mortal worlds,
 But of those beyond
 the three . . .
 "They walk the night,"
 he spoke again,
 "In sinister, sombre
 radiance,
 "And not all that men
 has done or will do,
 "Can force them return
 to their graves."
 "Who be they who walk
 by night?" demanded
 the tongue
 Of mine . . .
 "They who've lost their
 earthly souls
 just with the devil
 Of time . . .
 And he said no more
 to my pale shade,
 no more to my
 Ghostly visage,
 For he came to walk and do
 night-ale; walk to Death's
 Road on . . .
 And now I sleep in death's
 black soul . . .
 That the death of time
 have torn, and cold
 Be my spirit, a twist
 the Dark and the Light,
 For now it, too, walks alone;
 stalking along the night.

SCIENCE FICTION DEPT.

This story, from David Martin, of Wichita Falls, Texas, begins with these ominous words . . .
 "For months the old man had tortured him . . . goaded him into taking the job. 'But you have got to take it! You are the only man for the job!'
 And with those words of prodigues, we begin . . .

ROCKETS TO TERROR

by David Martin

Halcyon Garmen, an astronaut at Garren Space Center, had been involved in a fantastic accident a month ago. An accident that had changed his life.

He was in the chemical lab when it happened. A chemical explosion in a test tube rocked the whole building. When the two MP's revolved him from the wreckage,

though, it was found that he was in perfect condition. Not a scratch. Scientists across the country were puzzled. Further investigation revealed that his body was not affected by heat. The hottest flame didn't seem to bother him in the least. This was discovered one day when Halcyon lit a cigarette and flames spread all over his body. But when the flames were put out, he wasn't burned. And he couldn't remember feeling any pain as his body was enveloped in flames.

He became top man at Garren Space Center, and it was not long after the Center itself was named in his honor. Through all of this, one man hated and despised him—Edward Warren. Warren had been top man at the Center until he was forced into retirement because of his age. He had always been jealous of the strong young astronaut's fame and glory, but had been careful not to show it. In fact, he encouraged Halcyon to become involved in missions that the younger man might not otherwise have taken. Secretly, Edward was hoping to put the astronaut's life in danger.

And now, as Halcyon stands before him, he agrees to take on this last dangerous assignment. This is to be Warren's last project before retirement, and he has vowed that it will also be young Halcyon's last mission, too.

A week later, the mission is about to begin. Officially, Halcyon has been chosen for this one because he is the only man able to withstand the intense heat of deep space. It will be a dramatic mission, and newsmen by the hundreds are on hand to watch as Halcyon waves his final goodbye and enters the huge ship.

Soon the monstrous roar of two-powered nuclear diesel engines fills the air and within minutes Halcyon is orbiting the earth on his way toward Mars—the red planet.

Edward Warren enters the control room and takes over control of the rocket. He hesitates. Should he go? What if he were to be caught? He could always put the blame on the complex machinery. That's it! There can always be a malfunction! He would do it.

He pushed the red button marked "Destruct."

There is a blinding flash on the view screen. "Still we've lost contact with Halcyon!" one of the engineers screams. Warren strides out of the building and gets into his car, a satisfied smile on his face. He drives straight to his cabin in the mountains.

That night, as he sits in the quiet, savoring his vic-

tory, he hears a noise outside. He picks up a flashlight and goes out to investigate. In the sky above, he sees what seems to be a flaming meteor streaking earthward. He goes to the spot where it appears to land. There he finds a huge pile of metal glowing white-hot. Can it be? Yes! It is! A fragment of the destroyed space ship lies walled slowly back into the house. Suddenly, he steps in his tracks. There in front of him are footprints that aren't his own. They seem burned into the carpet.

Then he hears a noise in the next room. He walks toward it.

Several screams and a choking sound follow.

An hour later, two police men stand over the body of Edward Warren. "Think this has anything to do with that bank of meteorite we saw a while back?" says one. "I doubt it," replies the other. "But look at those marks on his neck. They're not strangulation marks. They look more to me like radiation burns!"

LOVE STORY

If you're the sort who likes sentimental stories, you'll really dig this one written by Allen Feldman of Sayville, New York. I'll have to admit I was a bit choked up after I read it.

I LOVE HER

by Allen Feldman

Digging deep into the soggy soil, my shovel finally hit something solid. Looking the coffin signs the clutches of the grave, that feeling of coldness once more swept through my entire body. I began to sweat as I opened the dead man's box. Thoroughly drenched now, my vision was reduced to a blur. Though sweating like a mad man, my hands and feet were just as cold as those belonging to the dead man I was now staring at.

The cemetery was a horrible place to be on a night like this. It had rained earlier and the ground was still wet. The slightest sound, magnified in the scene's stillness, could send a cold chill up any man's spine and scare the living daylight out of any one. The tombstones were lined up like so many marching soldiers.

I wouldn't dare bring my wife to a place like this. At this very moment, she's undoubtedly lying comfortably at home in front of the TV set. Just as I had left her.

Suddenly a siren sounded. Quickly I fell to the ground alongside my silent new friend in a minute they passed. My foot fell

asleep. How can any person rest comfortably in such a cramped box? How can people be so inhumane as to bury their loved ones in the cold earth that is crawling with worms and insects?

The police would never understand what I was doing. That is why I was forced to work shrouded in darkness. No one would understand. Creeping out of the grave, it was difficult to carry the body with me. Somehow I managed to drag him behind me. He made quite a burdensome bundle in my arms. But it was worth it.

After about 20 minutes of walking through alleys and down deserted streets, I finally reached my house. The light on the porch was on. It gave me my first chance to get a good look at our new houseguest. He was a handsome man, no more than 30 or 40 years old. I have always been careful in choosing my wife's friends.

Life is a hard road and death is a cold and lonely state of being. I could not allow my wife to suffer through either of them.

I took me a while before I could reach my wife to open the door. I heard the sound of the TV set. This would be a perfect time to introduce the new arrival to my wife, and let her get acquainted with the others. Tomorrow I would be at work all day and everyone will keep each other company.

"Honey, I'm home!"

CLOSING MESSAGE

To end this month's round, here is a word or two from "out there" sent to us by Mark Aubrey of Los Angeles.

MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD

by Mark Aubrey

Do you believe in ghosts? Well, I'm here to say these things exist. Your best friend may be a ghost, vampire or ghost. Have you noticed any of them acting strangely lately? Cousin Sam is a ghost. Mervynette is a vampire. No one knows just what Uncle Gremory is though.

If you ever meet up with these people, or any others like them, I can help. Just call on me. By the way, my name is Death. I think you know where you can find me.

THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE!

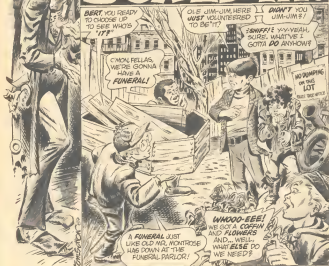
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GRIMMEST GREETINGS, GHOU GANG! NOW THAT ALL YOU CRYPT-KIDNAPERS ARE COZY AND COMFY AROUND THE OLE COFFIN, I'LL COMMENCE SPINNING MY TALE OF WOE. YOU THERE, TREMBLING AT THE VAULT DOOR, DON'T GET LEFT OUT! I KNOW YOU'LL DIS THIS FRESHLY UNEARTHED HORROR I CALL...

BOXED IN!













THE DOOR'S STUCK!
HOW'L I EVER GET OUT!!



WHAMP! GOTTA
KEEP POUNDIN'
ON THE DOOR!

GOTTA GET
OUTTA HERE!



WHAT
THE...? I'M
FALLIN'!!



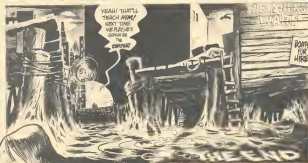
OLE BERT MUST'VE
RUN CLEAN TO THE
OTHER SIDE OF
TOWN AA/AA!

GREAT MAKE-UP
JOB JIM-JIM!
BERT NEVER GUESSED
WE SNUCK BACK AND
GOT YOU OUT BEFORE
THE JUNKMEN CAME!



BERT'LL
NEVER TRY
TO BULLY
YOU AGAIN,
JIM JIM!

I REALLY
SCARED
HIM DIDN'T
I GUYS!



YEAH! THAT'LL
TEACH HIM!
NEXT TIME
WE FREAK'S
GONNA BE
THE COPS!

BOAT
FOR
HIRE



BLUB! BLUB! GUESS OLE BERT WON'T BE BOBBING-UP' FOR A
LONG WET WHILE EH, FREAK FISHERS? LITTLE JIM-JIM REALLY
PUT THE WATERY WHAMMY ON THAT BOXED-IN BULLY! SEE
YOU SLIME-SURFERS LATER!

FLASH GORDON

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CHAPTER 1—The Electrical Brain

The Batman (Burt Lancaster), and his young partner Robin (Burt Reynolds) (Douglas Croft), hit on the trail of a mysterious villain, who the police had been looking for weeks. The villain, who is called "The Brain," is a genius who has built a machine that can control the minds of men. The Brain plans to use this machine to control the city's power, and to use the city's power to control the city's people. The Brain is a genius who has built a machine that can control the minds of men. The Brain plans to use this machine to control the city's power, and to use the city's power to control the city's people.

CHAPTER 2—The Hot Cave

The Batman leads out on a secret mission and, according to the reel, is the only one of the gang who can survive. The Batman is a genius who has built a machine that can control the minds of men. The Brain plans to use this machine to control the city's power, and to use the city's power to control the city's people.

CHAPTER 3—The Living Corpse

The Batman leads the rest of the gang into the city. The Batman is a genius who has built a machine that can control the minds of men. The Brain plans to use this machine to control the city's power, and to use the city's power to control the city's people.

CHAPTER 4—Palsen Peril

The Batman is a genius who has built a machine that can control the minds of men. The Brain plans to use this machine to control the city's power, and to use the city's power to control the city's people.

CHAPTER 5—Executioner Strikes

The Batman is a genius who has built a machine that can control the minds of men. The Brain plans to use this machine to control the city's power, and to use the city's power to control the city's people.

in great clothes. Following Robin's idea, the Batman leads the gang into the city. The Batman is a genius who has built a machine that can control the minds of men. The Brain plans to use this machine to control the city's power, and to use the city's power to control the city's people.

CHAPTER 6—Down of the Rising Sun

The Batman is a genius who has built a machine that can control the minds of men. The Brain plans to use this machine to control the city's power, and to use the city's power to control the city's people.

CHAPTER 7—The Living Corpse

The Batman is a genius who has built a machine that can control the minds of men. The Brain plans to use this machine to control the city's power, and to use the city's power to control the city's people.

CHAPTER 8—The Living Corpse

The Batman is a genius who has built a machine that can control the minds of men. The Brain plans to use this machine to control the city's power, and to use the city's power to control the city's people.

CHAPTER 9—The Living Corpse

The Batman is a genius who has built a machine that can control the minds of men. The Brain plans to use this machine to control the city's power, and to use the city's power to control the city's people.

CHAPTER 10—The Living Corpse

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CHAPTER 11—The Living Corpse

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